

## Marlinton, Pocahontas

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Biographic Sketch of The Buckleys.

Pioneer Settlers of Buckeye Vicinity.

After leaving Joe McNeil's, as mentioned last week, I tramped across the fields and hills, the dry sod being almost slippery as ice, and I reached the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee.

My readers will readily perceive why this paper should be so largely taken up with the Buckley family, when it be remembered that my Bucks Run host was named Joseph Buckley McNeill and Aaron Kee is a great grandson of Joshua Buckley, the Winchester pioneer of Buckeye. From information obtained since publishing the Pocahontas Sketches, I learn that John Buckley, the pioneer's oldest son, was born near Winchester, February 16, 1762, and is so recorded as I am advised. This date, should it prove authentic, would be useful in ascertaining something of the time



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st Virginia Oct. 13, 1904.

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Joshua Buckley secured the right to three hundred acres on the east side of the Greenbrier along with a very considerable tract on the west side, contiguous to the mouth of Swago. The proceeds of the following autumn's hunt met all the expense of securing a title to these lands.

So far as known John McNeel, Jacob and Charles Kennison were the only residents of the Little Levels at the time Joshua Buckley came to Buckeye, his attention having been drawn to this region by John McNeel.

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The hunter's camp was occupied until a cabin could be built and ground prepared for corn, potatoes and buckwheat. The original dwelling was fifty yards or more from the east bank of the Greenbrier and the well was between the house and the bank. This well was dug by William Buckley, a relative, while on a visit. Previously the water had been carried from a spring near Lam Silva's, and it was determined to have it more convenient by sinking a well, which was done and water in abundance obtained at the depth of twenty-five feet.

In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined.

Thyatira was furnished with a comfortable house by her pioneer mother. Buckley's dying wish was fully respected by her and so it became a privilege of her later years.

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possession of Andrew Edmiston, of the Lower Levels. Thyatira was so useful and devoted to her mistress that when Mrs Buckley died her special instructions were that Thyatira should be maintained by the family long as she might live, and must never be a county charge. A cabin was built for her near where the Buckeye station is now located. From this cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where she died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

One instance out of many illustrates the manner of servant she was, may be given. When Joshua

Such was her stranger was but all were lodged. Whether worthy, she never to inquire, and I doubt that time

curiosity was abused. Joseph Buckley of the Pioneer J. distinguished for his fine practical joking strange yarns and witches. He pointed and his reported of John Rando. It is my impression Buckley could be duplicating that features, tones and repartee than heard of.

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once hustled around, gathered up  
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Buckeye.

One of the more noticeable im-  
provements Joshua Buckley made  
was the planting of a large or-  
chard. The sprouts were brought

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Such was her kindness of heart no  
stranger was ever turned away,  
but all were warmed, fed and  
lodged. Whether worthy or un-  
worthy, she never seemed to stop  
to inquire, and there is but little  
doubt that time and again her gen-  
erosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son  
of the Pioneer Joshua was distin-  
guished for his fondness for play-  
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strange yarns about ghosts and  
witches. He possessed ready wit  
and his reportees remind me much  
of John Randolph of Roanoke.  
It is my impression that Joe  
Buckley could have come nearer  
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features, tones of voice, sarcasm  
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In has been my fortune to meet  
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that they had never seen anyone  
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard  
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sure that if they had ever seen Joe  
Buckley they would have quit say-  
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were Joe Buckley's remarks.

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Her tortures were excruciating and yet strange to say she got well, contrary to the doctor's expectations.

The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity.

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The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity as the father of the late James McClure near Onoto.

James McClure is survived by numerous industrious sons and daughters whose families are grown up in Virginia, West Virginia and Indiana.

Such are a few of the reminiscences pertinent to my recent visit to the hospitable well furnished home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee at the original Kee homestead. For a hundred years this has been a Kee home, and for all these years has been a place where travellers and acquaintances would be generously received and kindly entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he re-

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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNettle's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were

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tering of the raindrops was the  
most soothing of sounds inviting  
sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I  
took up my carriages for the home  
stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite  
miry and the mud was of the  
sticky sort that would be hard to  
get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made  
ready to dare and do whatever a  
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George seemed to be feeling  
good on the rain and hailed me in  
his cherry way to wait for the  
wagon to climb on and we would  
take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of sev-  
eral hundred pages to contain all  
that this resident of the Dan flag  
station vicinity could tell of the  
ups and downs, round and rounds  
of his eventful life and much of  
it would be interesting reading,  
written out just as he tells it, how

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well was dug by William Buckley,  
a relative, while on a visit. Pre-  
viously the water had been ob-  
tained from a spring near Laid St.  
digging a well, which was done and  
water in abundance obtained at

whose wife died  
where she died  
the Buckley  
years ago.

Thyatira was  
comfortable  
by her pioneer  
Buckley's dy-  
fully respect  
and so it be-  
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her later years

One instance  
illustrates the  
was, may be  
Buckley the  
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year that she  
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heavy. It was  
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brier and the well was between  
the house and the bank. This  
well was dug by William Buckley,  
a relative, while on a visit. Pre-  
viously the water had been car-  
ried from a spring near Lum Sil-  
va's, and it was determined to  
have it more convenient by sink-  
ing a well, which was done and  
water in abundance obtained at  
the depth of twenty-five feet.

In the course of years the bank  
was worn away and the dwelling  
was about to be undermined,  
it was moved farther back and  
rebuilt not so many years ago by  
the Rev Joshua Buckley at what  
was deemed a safe distance. At  
the present time the house is with-  
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the present time the house was in a good or so of the brick so rapidly has the bank worn away. Some ten or more years after settling here there was an alarming freshet in the Greenbrier and the water surrounded the dwelling of the pioneer. Mr. Buckley and a servant woman Thyatira took the children, cows and chickens to the barn on higher ground. The water between house and barn became deep enough to swim a horse, but Mrs Buckley would not desert the house. In the meantime her husband passed from house to barn in a canoe or dug out. Mrs Buckley passed her time in the house, sewing on a log-hunting shirt as she sat by a window overlooking the river, and she could almost reach the water from the window with her hand while at the highest tide.

At the death of her father, a Mr Collins, of Newtown, Mrs Hainah Buckley was bequeathed a servant woman named Thyatira, who was quite a character in her time. Her husband was Joo, in

was in its time one of the best and it furnished for a great deal of living in course of time. Two sons and were reared by the rents. The eldest, already mentioned late Joshua Buckley time a widely known respected citizen the Methodist Pre So numerous were he performed that he had taken out for that interest half the county at part of upper Green. The pioneer's or, as she was called, Hetty; by the late George Linton, and the holder of the Kee relation linton vicinity. industry as a house the talk of her daughter son Aaron Kee place, where passed her life in her business.

McNeel, the pioneer  
levels and his two  
and Jacob Ken-  
their pioneer homes.  
the Buckley fam-  
every day that Josh-  
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ng autumn's  
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John McNeel,  
unison were  
the Little  
Buck-  
his attention

mistress that when Mrs Buckley  
died her special instructions were  
that Thyatira should be maintain-  
ed by the family long as she might  
live, and must never be a county  
charge. A cabin was built for  
her near where the Buckeye sta-  
tion is now located. From this  
cabin she moved to George Kee's  
whose wife was Hester Buckley,  
where she died and was buried in  
the Buckley graveyard many  
years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very  
comfortable housekeeping outfit  
by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs  
Buckley's dying wishes were care-  
fully respected by her children,  
and so it became that Thyatira  
was a privileged character during  
her later years.

One instance out of many illus-  
trates the manner of servant she  
was, may be given. When Joshua  
Buckley the Pioneer opened up  
the Burgess place he used it for  
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This leads to the in-  
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the best and it furnished sprouts  
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Two sons and two daughters  
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as "Joe Buckley's"  
was Elizabeth Git-  
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She was a note-  
and was ever read-  
duties out of doors  
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These persons  
of their own, but  
reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley

was sorely afflicted



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water in abundance, obtained at  
the depth of twenty-five feet.

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surrounded the dwelling of  
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cows and chickens to  
on higher ground. The  
sleep house and barn be-  
came deep enough to swim a  
Mrs Buckley would not  
house. In the mean-  
while her husband passed from  
life in a canoe, or dug  
Buckley passed her  
house, sewing on a  
as she sat by a win-  
dow looking the river, and  
could not reach the water  
door with her hand  
ghostly tide.

of her father, a  
of Newtown, Mrs  
Buckley was bequeathed  
a named Thyatira,  
a character in her  
and was Joe, in

her above and  
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provements Joshua Buckley made  
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respected citizen and minister of  
the Methodist Protestant church.  
So numerous were the marriages  
he performed that it looked as if  
he had taken out a patent right  
for that interesting business for  
half the county at least and a good  
part of upper Greenbrier.

The pioneer's daughter Hester,  
or, as she was most commonly  
called, Hetty, became the wife of  
the late George Kee, near Marlin-  
ton, and the honored progenitor  
of the Kee relationship in the Mar-  
lington vicinity. Her energy and  
industry as a home keeper were  
the talk of her day. Her grand-  
son Aaron Kee lives on the home  
place, where passed the most of  
her life in her busy home duties, there was

you and that the sooner  
get out of the way the  
would be for your fee  
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Mrs. Buckle  
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Mrs Buckley

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From this  
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onal sea-

worthy, she never seemed to stop  
to inquire, and there is but little  
doubt that time and again her gen-  
erosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son  
of the Pioneer Joshua was distin-  
guished for his fondness for play-  
ing practical jokes, and telling  
strange yarns about ghosts and  
witches. He possessed ready wit  
and his reportees remind me much  
of John Randolph of Roanoke.  
It is my impression that Joe  
Buckley could have come nearer  
duplicating that person in form,  
features, tones of voice, sarcasm  
and repartee than any one I ever  
heard of.

It has been my fortune to meet  
with a number of people that had  
often seen John Randolph and it  
was a common remark with them  
that they had never seen anyone  
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard  
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty

Longfellow

ellers and acquaintances  
generously received  
entertained.

It aroused my sympathy  
find my friend from  
in such infirm health  
ceives and endures  
coming resignation  
persuaded that such  
and goodness of thi-  
ing in whom all  
have their being, th-  
must and shall be

About night fall  
was looked for ear-  
from my cozy quar-  
Neills's porch beg-  
at frequent intervals  
showers all night  
tering of the rain  
most soothing of  
sweet and hopeful

Pretty early  
took up my carriage  
stretch on the tra-  
The road I took



...moved to George Kee's  
...was Hester Buckley,  
...died and was buried in  
...graveyard many

...was furnished a very  
housekeeping outfit  
...mistress, and Mrs  
...wishes were care-  
...d by her children,  
...me that Thyatira  
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that they had never seen anyone  
like "Jack" Randolph.

...Now from what I have heard  
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty  
sure that if they had ever seen Joe  
Buckley they would have quit say-  
ing, "We never saw anybody like  
Jack Randolph."

...Some of the most withering,  
keen, sarcastic repartees that I  
have ever heard from anyone,  
were Joe Buckley's remarks spok-  
en in his falsetto tones and not a  
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showers all night  
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sweet and hopeful

...Pretty early  
took up my carr-  
stretch on this

...The road I fo-  
miry and the  
sticky sort that  
get rid of even

...About the t-  
ready to dare an-  
muddy tramp mi-  
McComb of Dan-  
his team driven b-  
young McComb,  
terual block.

...George seemed  
good on the rain an-  
his cherry way to  
wagon, climb on and  
take a ride to Marlin-  
It would take a  
eral hundred pages  
that this resident of  
station vicinity could



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get out of the way the better it  
would be for your feelings if you  
did not want to hear it told on  
you and be the subject of hilari-  
ous ridicule all over the neighbor-  
hood.

Though he has been gone from  
us for nearly forty years, yet there  
is not many living persons whose  
names are as frequently repeated  
as "Joe Buckley's." His wife  
was Elizabeth Gibson, sister of  
David Gibson the progenitor of  
the Elk relationship of that name.

She was a noted housekeeper  
and was ever ready for her home  
duties out of doors as well as in  
doors.

These persons had no children  
of their own but adopted

About the ti  
ready to dare and  
muddy tramp mig  
McComb of Dan,  
his team driven b  
young McComb, a  
ternal block.

George seemed  
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his cherry way to  
wagon, climb on and  
take a ride to Marl

It would take a volu-  
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station vicinity could  
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of his eventful life a  
it would be interest  
written out just as h  
a man has to hustle  
considering the en  
had to confront and  
and duties of re  
ought to be raised  
six daughters.

The two mile ho  
that wagon was a  
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...inches deep. She at  
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of their own, but adopted and  
reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley in advanced age  
was sorely afflicted by a cancerous  
sore on the back of her right hand.

To use her own language it pained  
like a hot iron all the time. In  
her agony she would walk the  
floor day and night and would use  
every kind of poultice she could  
hear of, make teas of every root  
or plant that might be recommen-  
ded for purifying the blood. In  
the meantime a doctor from Rock-  
bridge located at Huntersville,  
and among the first cases he was

It would take a volume  
...oral hundred pages  
...that this resident of the  
station vicinity could tell  
ups and downs, round and  
of his eventful life and  
it would be interesting  
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had to confront and me  
and duties of raising  
ought to be raised six  
six daughters.

The two mile home  
that wagon was a thin  
ure and interest to w  
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tramped. Thanks  
McComb, may you  
long live to own an  
and happen along  
ple may be as glad  
I was.

Shakespeare

"To gild refined  
lily,

Is wasteful and

But he kne

Green Seal Li

sale by O. J. R

J. A. Arbuck

Spe

EYE, EAR, NO

Will be in Marl



...so very small they  
being for the most part of  
are growth. This orchard  
is time considered one of  
and it furnished sprouts  
at deal of orchard plant-  
urse of time.

sons and two daughters  
ed by these pioneer pa-  
e eldest, John Buckley,  
mentioned, whose son the  
Buckley was in his  
ly known and much  
tizen and minister of  
et Protestant church.  
were the marriages  
that it looked as if  
out a patent right  
esting business for  
at least and a good  
Greenbrier.

his daughter Hester,  
most commonly  
became the wife of  
Kee, near Marlinton.  
mored progenitor  
nship in the Mar-  
Her energy and  
me keeper were  
y. Her grand-  
res on the home  
ed the most of  
home duties.

hood.

Though he has been gone from  
us for nearly forty years, yet there  
is not many living persons whose  
names are as frequently repeated  
as "Joe Buckley's." His wife  
was Elizabeth Gibson, sister of  
David Gibson the progenitor of  
the Elk relationship of that name.

She was a noted housekeeper  
and was ever ready for her home  
duties out of doors as well as in  
doors.

These persons had no children  
of their own, but adopted and  
reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley in advanced age  
was sorely afflicted by a cancerous  
sore on the back of her right hand.

To use her own language it pained  
like a hot iron all the time. In  
her agony she would walk the  
floor day and night and would use  
every kind of poultice she could  
hear of, make teas of every root  
or plant that might be recommen-  
den for purifying the blood. In

the meantime a doctor from Rock-  
bridge located at Huntersville,  
and among the first cases he was  
called in to treat was Aunt Betty's  
sore hand. As a matter of course  
there was no disease but what he

considering the enemies  
had to confront and me  
and duties of raising  
ought to be raised six  
six daughters.

The two mile home  
that wagon was a thi  
ure and interest to w  
stretch would have  
thin summer gallo.  
tramped. Thanks  
McComb, may you  
long live to own an  
and happen along  
ple may be as glad  
I was.

Shakespe

"To gild refined  
lily,  
Is wasteful and r  
But he kne  
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urday and Sund

DR. GUIL

Hours, 9-1 a. m.



shed  
Kee  
tead.  
been  
these

Longfellow. to trav-

seemed to stop  
e is but little  
again her gen-

ellers and acquaintances would be  
generously received and kindly  
entertained.

e second son  
a was distin-  
ess for play-  
and telling  
ghosts and  
I ready wit  
d me much

It aroused my sympathies to  
find my friend from his boyhood  
in such infirm health. But he re-  
ceives and endures it all with be-  
coming resignation, being fully  
persuaded that such is the wisdom  
and goodness of the Supreme Be-  
ing in whom all live, move and  
have their being, that all at last  
must and shall be well.

Roanoke.  
that Joe  
is nearer  
in form,  
sarcasm  
e I ever

About night fall the rain that  
was looked for early in the day  
from my cozy quarters on Joe Mc-  
Neilla's porch began to fall and  
at frequent intervals there were  
showers all night long. The pat-  
tering of the raindrops was the  
most soothing of sounds inviting  
sweet and hopeful slumber.

to meet  
that had  
and it  
them  
anyone

about ghosts and  
le possessed ready wit  
rtees remind me much  
ndolph of Roanoke.  
mpression that Joe  
I have come nearer  
at person in form,  
of voice, sarcasm  
an any one I ever

ny fortune to meet  
of people that had  
Randolph and it  
emark with them  
ver seen anyone  
ndolph.

at I have heard  
lph, I feel pretty  
had ever seen Joe  
ld have quit say-  
aw anybody like

most withering,  
epartees that I  
d from anyone,  
y's remarks spok-  
tones and not a  
visible on his long  
beam of humor  
ng gray eyes, that  
his prominent and  
rows, with penetra-  
there was a some-  
the way that Joe  
ked at you, that made  
t he knew it all about  
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tering of the raindrops was the  
most soothing of sounds inviting  
sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I  
took up my carriages for the home  
stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite  
miry and the mud was of the  
sticky sort that would be hard to  
get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made  
ready to dare and do whatever a  
muddy tramp might mean, George  
McComb of Dan, came along with  
his team driven by a half grown  
young McComb, a chip of the  
ternal block.

George seemed to be feeling  
good on the rain and hailed me in  
his cherry way to wait for the  
wagon, climb on and we would  
take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of sev-  
eral hundred pages to contain all  
that this resident of the Dan flag

sarcastic repartees that I  
ever heard from anyone,  
Joe Buckley's remarks spok-  
his falsetto tones and not a  
anywhere visible on his long  
face, nor a gleam of humor  
in his piercing gray eyes, that  
led beneath his prominent and  
red eye-brows, with penetra-  
ting stare. There was a some-  
thing about the way that Joe  
Buckley looked at you, that made  
you feel that he knew it all about  
you and that the sooner you could  
get out of the way the better it  
would be for your feelings, if you  
did not want to hear it told on  
and be the subject of hilari-  
dicule all over the neighbor-

hood though he has been gone from  
nearly forty years, yet there  
were many living persons whose  
names were as frequently repeated

"Buckley's." His wife  
Elizabeth Gibson, sister of  
Abraham the progenitor of  
the relationship of that name.  
She was a noted housekeeper  
and ever ready for her home  
of doors as well as in

persons had no children  
of their own, but adopted and  
reared.

One day in advanced age  
he was stricken by a cancerous  
growth of her right hand.  
In language it pained

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ups and downs, round and rounds  
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written out just as he tells it, how  
a man has to hustle to keep alive  
considering the enemies he has  
had to confront and meet the cares  
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The two mile home stretch in  
that wagon was a thing of pleas-  
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McComb, may you and your boy  
long live to own and drive wagons  
and happen along whenever peo-  
ple may be as glad to meet you as  
I was.

W. T. B.

Shakespeare Says



...feel that he knew it all about you and that the sooner you could get out of the way the better it would be for your feelings. If you did not want to hear it told on you and be the subject of hilarious ridicule all over the neighborhood.

Though he has been gone from for nearly forty years, yet there are many living persons whose names are as frequently repeated as "Joe Buckley's." His wife Elizabeth Gibson, sister of John Gibson the progenitor of the relationship of that name, was a noted housekeeper and was ever ready for her home out of doors as well as in.

Persons had no children of their own, but adopted and reared orphans.

Buckley in advanced age was afflicted by a cancerous growth on the back of her right hand. In her own language it pained her from all the time. In the evening she would walk the streets at night and would use a poultice she could get for the price of every root. It might be recommended for curing the blood. In the case of a doctor from Rock Hill at Huntersville, the first case he was called was Aunt Betty's. It is a matter of course but what he

that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. P.

#### Shakespeare Says

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

But he knew nothing about Green Seal Liquid paint. For sale by C. J. Richardson.

**J. A. Arbuckle, A. B. M. D.,**  
Specialty,

**EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT,**  
Will be in Marlinton 1st Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each month.

Dr. Arbuckle's office,  
Hours, 9-1 a. m., and 3-6:30 p. m.

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